THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} ONE DOLLAR per annum when taken in Clubs of 20, and a paper gratis to the person getting up the Club. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1413.

Original Poetry.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELLA ELWOOD.

"Dear father, won't you take the Post?
I'm sure you can't refuse,
For not another weekly bears
Its golden name for news.

"Besides, 'tis said, whilst reading it
The old grow young again,
And 'tis a well established fact,
None take the Post in vain."

Thus pleaded once a gentle girl,
With her indulgent sire,
And such the merit of her cause,
Papa could not deny her.

So down his name went, beside those
Who long have loved the Post,
And that he values it, has become
With him a favorite boast.

'Twas there he found a remedy
For bad attacks of gout,
For oh, there's nothing like the Post
It knows what it's about.

Besides, he finds expense decrease,
The Post he ne'er will rue,
It saves itself in cards and wine,
Cigars and honey-dew.

In virtues, as he'll testify,
Are few not found the Post;
And, good friends, he would recommend
To take it, one and all.

I knew a maiden lady once,
Who longed to change her state,
But ah, her fate were trumps,
It turned men's letters hate.

Connection all were tried in vain,
The beaux would still keep shy,
Until in single blessedness
I thought my friend must die.

As a last hope she took the Post —
Now married at the change!
Once it she smiled till wrinkles fled—
Was not that passing strange?

From smiling so, her face soon lost
Its former—be it spoken,
And so she married well at last,
Some old maids, take a lesson.

I have another tale to tell,
Of a little widow,
Who, by using the Post was once
A very pingue of life.

Poor man, his purse began to thin,
No prayer could make her spare it,
And as he did not take the Post,
He had no entrance and bear it.

His home grew most unruly, too,
It were a homely game,
For rarely novels, says the Post,
Make or save men or wive.

"What shall I do?" the husband cried
"I'll cure at any cost."
"Why," quoth a friend, "you're only got
To go and take the Post."

Time done, and now behold the change,
That husband's heart is glad,
His wife reads well the Post, and is
No more perverse and mad.

To good advice she took, and made
Her long a model wife.
And that was the last the capital steps ever saw of those

Riddler.

ENIGMA.

Pictures of Life.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

ANGILA MERVALE.

OR,

Six Months Before Marriage

BY E. F. E., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

"They say Miss Morton is engaged to Robert Hazlewood," said Augusta Lenox.

"So I hear," replied Angila Mervale, to whom this piece of news had been communicated. "How can she?"

"How can she, indeed?" replied Augusta. "He's an ugly fellow."

"Ugly! yes," continued Angila, "and a disagreeable neighbor, too. I don't care about a man's being handsome—a plain black ugliness I don't object to—but red ugliness, ah!"

"They say he's clever," said Augusta.

"They always say that, my dear, of any one that's so ugly," replied Angila. "I don't believe he's conceited, and I think disagreeable; and I don't believe he's clever."

"I remarked last night that he was very attentive to Mary Morton," continued Augusta. "They waltzed together several times."

"Yes, and how badly he waltzes," said Angila. "Mary Morton is too pretty a girl for such an awkward, ugly man. How lovely she looked last night. I hope it's not an engagement, for I quite like her."

"Well, perhaps it is not. It's only one of the ex dite, and probably a mere report."

"Who are you discussing, girls?" asked Mrs. Mervale, from the other side of the room.

"Robert Hazlewood and Miss Morton," replied Augusta, "they are said to be engaged."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mervale. "Is it a good match for her?"

"Oh, no!" chimed in both the girls at once. "He's neither handsome, nor rich, nor anything to be sure."

"Nor anything!" repeated Mrs. Mervale, laughing. "Well, that's comprehensive. A young man may be a very respectable young man, and be a very fair match for a girl without being either handsome or rich; but if he is positively 'nothing,' why, then, I grant you, it is bad indeed."

"Oh, I believe he is respectable enough," replied Angila, carelessly, "for, like most young girls, the word "respectable" did not rank very high in her vocabulary.

"And if he is not rich, what are they to live on?" asked Mrs. Mervale.

"Love and the law, I suppose, replied her daughter, laughing. "He's a lawyer, is he not, Augusta?"

"Oh!" resumed Mrs. Mervale, "he's a son, then, I suppose, of old John Hazlewood."

"Yes," replied Augusta.

"Then he may do very well in his profession," continued Mrs. Mervale, "for his father has a large practice I know, and is a very respectable man. If this is a closet young man, he may tread in his father's footsteps."

This did not convey any very high eulogium to the young ladies' ears. That young Robert Hazlewood might be an old John Hazlewood, in his turn and time, did not strike them as a very brilliant future. In fact they did not think more of the old man than they did of the young one.

Old gentlemen, however, were not at quite such a discount with Mrs. Mervale as with her daughter and her friend; and she continued to descant upon the high standing of Mr. Hazlewood the elder, not one word in ten of which the girls heard, for she, like most old ladies, once started upon former times, was thinking of the pleasant young John Hazlewood of early days, who brought back with him a host of reminiscences, with which she indulged herself and the girls, while they, their heads full of last night's party and Mary Morton and Robert Hazlewood, listened as civilly as they could, quite unable to keep the thread of her discourse, confounding in her history Robert Hazlewood's mother with his grandmother, and wondering all the while when she would stop, that they might resume their gossip.

"You visit his sister, Mrs. Constant, don't you?" asked Augusta.

"Yes, we have always visited the Hazlewoods," replied Angila, "but I am not intimate with any of them. They always seemed to me those kind of pattern people I dislike."

"Is Mr. Constant well off?" inquired Mrs. Mervale.

"No, I should think not," replied Angila, "from the way in which they live. They have a little bit of a two-story house, and keep only a waiting girl. How I do hate to see a woman open the door," she continued, addressing Augusta.

"So do I," replied her friend. "I would have a man servant—a woman looks so shabby."

"Yes," returned Angila. "There's nothing I dislike so much. No woman shall ever go to my door."

"If you have a man servant," suggested Mrs. Mervale.

"Of course," said Angila; "and that I will."

"But suppose you cannot afford it," said her mother.

"I don't choose to suppose any thing so disagreeable or improbable," replied her daughter, gaily.

"It may be disagreeable," continued Mrs. Mervale, "but I don't see the improbability of the thing, Angila, nor, indeed, the disagreeability either. The Constants are young people with a small family, and I think a woman is quite sufficient for them. Their house is small, I suppose."

"Oh, yes—a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not so enlarged as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila, "but I do hate low ceilings, so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mamma, and her rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house, for she must be thirty feet long."

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again; and they discussed dresses, and beaux, and manners, with great zest.

These extremes, and how much young people's always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful," and the young men were either "charming" or "odious," and they themselves, from their own account, had been in a constant state of either delight or terror.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila, "and he waltzes so abominably that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for a cotillion, and I fortunately was engaged. I was so glad it was so."

"Then you did not dance with him at all?"

"No—to my great joy, he walked off, angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"Why not, mother," replied Angila. "He's my favorite aversion." Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her friend, "and when do you seal for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday!" re-noun! Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta!" said Angila, quite pathetically. "And you will be gone six months, you think?"

"Yes, no papa says," replied the young lady. "He does not expect to be able to return before May."

"Not before May! And it's only November now!" said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief. "How much may happen in that time!"

"Yes," returned her friend, gaily, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing. "But remember, I am to be bridesmaid," continued Angila.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone. "I shall expect you from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be to, Angila?" said Augusta. "That's more than I can tell," replied Angila, "but somebody that's very charming, I promise you."

"By the way, what is your beau ideal, Angila, I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My beau ideal is an shadowy and indistinct as one of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila, laughing "something very distinguished in air and manners, with black eyes and hair, are the only points I decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to Futurity," she added, gaily.

"I wonder who you will marry?" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady in no wise resting a topic.

"I don't know, only nobody that I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with animation.

"He must be handsome, I suppose," said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila. "I don't care for beauty A man should have a well-fed air of the gentleman, with an expression of talent, insight, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"You are very moderate indeed, in your requirements, my dear," said her mother. "I have to pray, my love, what have you to offer this new man in return for such extraordinary charms?"

"Love, mamma," replied the gay girl, smiling.

"And suppose, my dear," pursued her mother, "that you have steeled set as high an estimate upon yourself as you do upon yourself. Your tall, elegant, talented man, may expect a wife who has for wise, beauty and talents, too."

"Oh, yes—a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not so enlarged as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila, "but I do hate low ceilings, so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mamma, and her rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house, for she must be thirty feet long."

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again; and they discussed dresses, and beaux, and manners, with great zest.

These extremes, and how much young people's always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful," and the young men were either "charming" or "odious," and they themselves, from their own account, had been in a constant state of either delight or terror.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila, "and he waltzes so abominably that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for a cotillion, and I fortunately was engaged. I was so glad it was so."

"Then you did not dance with him at all?"

"No—to my great joy, he walked off, angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"Why not, mother," replied Angila. "He's my favorite aversion.' Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her friend, "and when do you seal for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday!" re-noun! Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta!" said Angila, quite pathetically. "And you will be gone six months, you think?"

"Yes, no papa says," replied the young lady "He does not expect to be able to return before May."

"Not before May! And it's only November now!" said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief "How much may happen in that time!"

"Yes," returned her friend, gaily, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing "But remember, I am to be bridesmaid," continued Angila.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone. "I shall expect you from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be to, Angila?" said Augusta "That's more than I can tell," replied Angila, "but somebody that's very charming, I promise you."

"By the way, what is your beau ideal, Angila, I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My beau ideal is an shadowy and indistinct as one of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila, laughing "something very distinguished in air and manners, with black eyes and hair, are the only points I decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to Futurity," she added, gaily.

"I wonder who you will marry?" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady in no wise resting a topic.

"I don't know, only nobody that I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with animation.

"He must be handsome, I suppose," said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila. "I don't care for beauty A man should have a well-fed air of the gentleman, with an expression of talent, insight, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"You are very moderate indeed, in your requirements, my dear," said her mother. "I have to pray, my love, what have you to offer this new man in return for such extraordinary charms?"

"Love, mamma," replied the gay girl, smiling.

"And suppose, my dear," pursued her mother, "that you have steeled set as high an estimate upon yourself as you do upon yourself. Your tall, elegant, talented man, may expect a wife who has for wise, beauty and talents, too."

"Oh, yes—a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not so enlarged as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila, "but I do hate low ceilings, so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mamma, and her rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house, for she must be thirty feet long."

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again; and they discussed dresses, and beaux, and manners, with great zest.

These extremes, and how much young people's always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful," and the young men were either "charming" or "odious," and they themselves, from their own account, had been in a constant state of either delight or terror.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila, "and he waltzes so abominably that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for a cotillion, and I fortunately was engaged. I was so glad it was so."

"Then you did not dance with him at all?"

"No—to my great joy, he walked off, angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"Why not, mother," replied Angila. "He's my favorite aversion.' Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her friend, "and when do you seal for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday!" re-noun! Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta!" said Angila, quite pathetically. "And you will be gone six months, you think?"

"Yes, no papa says," replied the young lady "He does not expect to be able to return before May."

"Not before May! And it's only November now!" said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief "How much may happen in that time!"

"Yes," returned her friend, gaily, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing "But remember, I am to be bridesmaid," continued Angila.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone. "I shall expect you from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be to, Angila?" said Augusta "That's more than I can tell," replied Angila, "but somebody that's very charming, I promise you."

"By the way, what is your beau ideal, Angila, I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My beau ideal is an shadowy and indistinct as one of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila, laughing "something very distinguished in air and manners, with black eyes and hair, are the only points I decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to Futurity," she added, gaily.

"I wonder who you will marry?" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady in no wise resting a topic.

"I don't know, only nobody that I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with animation.

"He must be handsome, I suppose," said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila. "I don't care for beauty A man should have a well-fed air of the gentleman, with an expression of talent, insight, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"He had seen her, however;" and he looked as if it were not easy not to see her when she was there.

She blushed and was pleased, for it evidently was not an unmeaning compliment.

"Mr. Hazlewood's very clever," she said, the next day; "and his tastes are so cultivated and refined. He is very different from the usual run of young men." (When a girl begins to think a man different from the "usual run," you may be sure she herself is off the common track.) "There's something very manly in all his sentiments, independent and high toned. He cannot be engaged to Mary Morton, for I alluded to the report, and he seemed quite amused at the idea. I can see he thinks her very silly, which she is, though pretty—though he was two gentlemanly to say so."

"How, then, did you find out that he thought so," asked George, smiling.

"Oh, from one or two little things. We were speaking of a German poem that I was trying to get the other day, and he said he had it, but had lent it to Miss Morton. 'However,' he added, with a peculiar smile, 'she did not believe she wanted to read it, and at any rate, he would bring it to me as soon as she returned it. He doubted whether she was much of a German reader.' But it was more the smile and the manner in which he said it, than the words, that made me think he had no very high opinion of her literary tastes."

"He may not like her any the less for that," said George, carelessly. "I think your clever literary men rarely do value a woman less for her ignorance."

But there was an expression in Augila's pretty face that seemed to contradict this assertion; for, like most pretty women, she was vainer of her talents than her beauty—and she thought Hazlewood had been quite struck by some of her criticisms the night before.

However much George might be, the intimacy seemed to progress at a wonderful rate. He called and brought her books; and they had a world to say every time they met, which, whether by accident or design, was now beginning to be very often.

"You know Mr. Hazlewood, mamma, did not you?" said Angila. "And who did you say Mrs. Hazlewood was?"

And now she listened very differently from the last time that her mother had launched forth on the topic of old times and friends. Angila was now perfectly interested in the whole race, for Mrs. Mervale began with the great grandfathers, maternal and paternal; and she kept the thread of the story with surprising distinctness, and made out the family pedigree with amazing correctness.

"Then they are an excellent family, mamma," she said.

"To be sure they are," replied Mrs. Mervale, "one of the oldest and best in the city."

"And who was there—and who did you talk to?" were the next questions, which launched Angila in a full length description of every thing and every body; and among them figured quite conspicuously Robert Hazlewood.

"And you found him really clever?" said her mother.

"Oh, decidedly," replied her daughter.

"Who," said her brother, looking up from his breakfast, "Hazlewood? Certainly he is. He's a cotillion, and I fortunately was engaged. I was so glad it was so."

"Then you did not dance with him at all?"

"No—to my great joy, he walked off, angry, I believe."

"Oh, my dear!" remonstrated her mother.

"Why not, mother," replied Angila. "He's my favorite aversion.' Well, Augusta," she continued, turning to her friend, "and when do you seal for New Orleans?"

"On Monday," replied Augusta.

"On Monday!" re-noun! Oh, what shall I do without you, Augusta!" said Angila, quite pathetically. "And you will be gone six months, you think?"

"Yes, no papa says," replied the young lady "He does not expect to be able to return before May."

"Not before May! And it's only November now!" said Angila, in prolonged accents of grief "How much may happen in that time!"

"Yes," returned her friend, gaily, "you may be engaged before that."

"Not much danger," replied Angila, laughing "But remember, I am to be bridesmaid," continued Angila.

"Certainly," said Angila, in the same tone. "I shall expect you from New Orleans on purpose."

"And who will it be to, Angila?" said Augusta "That's more than I can tell," replied Angila, "but somebody that's very charming, I promise you."

"By the way, what is your beau ideal, Angila, I never heard you say," continued Augusta.

"My beau ideal is an shadowy and indistinct as one of Ossian's heroes," replied Angila, laughing "something very distinguished in air and manners, with black eyes and hair, are the only points I decided on. For the rest, Augusta, I refer you to Futurity," she added, gaily.

"I wonder who you will marry?" said Augusta, with the sudden fervor of a young lady in no wise resting a topic.

"I don't know, only nobody that I have ever seen yet," replied Angila, with animation.

"He must be handsome, I suppose," said Augusta.

"No," replied Angila. "I don't care for beauty A man should have a well-fed air of the gentleman, with an expression of talent, insight, and all that—but I don't care about what you call beauty."

"You are very moderate indeed, in your requirements, my dear," said her mother. "I have to pray, my love, what have you to offer this new man in return for such extraordinary charms?"

"Love, mamma," replied the gay girl, smiling.

"And suppose, my dear," pursued her mother, "that you have steeled set as high an estimate upon yourself as you do upon yourself. Your tall, elegant, talented man, may expect a wife who has for wise, beauty and talents, too."

"Oh, yes—a little bit of a place."

"Large enough for them," replied Mrs. Mervale, whose ideas were not so enlarged as her daughter's.

"Perhaps so," said Angila, "but I do hate low ceilings, so. I don't care about a large house, but I do like large rooms."

"You can hardly have large rooms in a small house," remarked Mrs. Mervale, smiling.

"Why, Mrs. Astley's is only a two-story house, mamma, and her rooms are larger than these."

"Yes, my dear, Mrs. Astley's is an expensive house, for she must be thirty feet long."

But Angila had no time to go into the dimensions of people's "lots." She and Augusta were back to the party again; and they discussed dresses, and beaux, and manners, with great zest.

These extremes, and how much young people's always in extremes. The girls had either looked "lovely" or "frightful," and the young men were either "charming" or "odious," and they themselves, from their own account, had been in a constant state of either delight or terror.

"I was so afraid Robert Hazlewood was going to ask me to waltz," said Angila, "and he waltzes so abominably that I did not know what I should do. But, to my delight, he asked me only for

COUNTY.

...tion, in his "Annals," ...account of the origin of this ...Col. A. J. Morris, when ninety-four years old, that he well remembered the ...birth, a permanent, gave a name to ...n Garden.' He saw it in his youth, when there was no village there, but so much in nature's wildness that he located birds' nests, and got stung by hornets whose nests he was inspecting. At that time he knew an elderly lady, who told him, that, when she was young, she and other company used to go up Pegg's Run, then beautifully rural and lined with shrubbery, going in a boat up the stream to its source, and there drinking their tea and making their repast in a place of great rural attraction. As early as 1725, I observe 'the house and land called Spring Garden, well known to most people, is offered for sale by Dr. Francis Gardener.' I think I have found the site of this, and that it must be a chalybeate. It lies to the cellar of a brick house at about one hundred feet east from Ninth street, on the north side of Pegg's run (Willow street,) very near to where there is now an entry put into a sewer on the street called Garden Street, formerly called Spring Street. The brick house which contained the spring (hence upon this 'Spring' or 'Garden' Street on the western side, and at one time belonged to J. C. Scholer."

That this spring was that which gave name to the surrounding neighborhood, is probable; but the idea that it derived the waters of the whole course of Pegg's Run, is erroneous, as old maps show that stream to have had its source upon part of Hamilton's estate at Bush Hill, in the neighborhood of the present Schuylkill Eighth Street. Robert Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania, gives a better description of the source of the stream, in an article which he has left, describing a walk in the environs of Philadelphia, on an August afternoon, in 1797. He says he went out to Bush Hill and entered the enclosure of Gov. Hamilton's house (since McCauley's and cloth factory.) "Passing along eastward through divers fields now laid in commons, fenced down, &c., I directed my course towards the city here in full view from one end of it to the other, appearing, as it were, under or lower than my feet—a beautiful prospect—thence going right forward over divers fields, I came to John Pemberton's ground, on a lower situation, where I stood awhile to look about and consider where I was, for at first I did not know, though I had often been here years before, so great a change had taken place even in this part of the vicinity of Philadelphia. In this ground I noticed a spring of water which I had formerly observed, when here; this spring in its course from its fountain, forms a pretty large stream, running towards the city to a small lower ground. I followed it till it came to a low place, where it divides in two. One stream manifestly appears to me to run westwardly towards Schuylkill, south of Hamilton's house at Bush Hill." (This is no doubt the same stream which many now be seen running through an excavation made for a cellar on the north side of Callowhill Street, between Schuylkill Front and Second—then passes through the cellar of an adjoining house, where it is culverted, and crossing beneath Callowhill Street, finds its way into the Schuylkill, above Vine Street, being culverted over at Schuylkill Front Street, flowing open between the next street and the Schuylkill, and crossed by a bridge at the end of Race street.) "The other stream runs eastward towards the Delaware. I followed it through divers fields till I came near the brick kilns, where this stream, crossing the Wissahickon (Ridge) Road, forms what is called Pegg's Run, and falls into the Delaware, north of the city gate. From this place I came home by David Rittenhouse's new dwelling, north-west corner of Seventh and Arch streets; after this I immediately wrote these lines—this in the space of an hour and a half nearly, according to my thinking, somewhat standing. As late as 1797—'8, Spring Garden was a village by itself, inhabited almost altogether by butchers. It was incorporated in 1813.

METAMUCKEN.—The first mention of this name is found in a deed from Francis Lovelace, "Governor General under James, Duke of York and Albany, for all his territories in America," confirming a grant made by the Dutch Governor at Delaware to Swen Gonderson, Swen Swensen, Oele Swensen and Andrew Swensen, for a certain piece of ground lying "up above on the river there, beginning at *Mayamensing hill*, and so stretching inwards four hundred rods, and in length *unto the woods* six hundred rods—in all, about eight hundred acres." The tract was about one and a quarter miles in breadth by two miles in length, and was confirmed to the Swensens "on annual payment of eight bushels of winter wheat as a quit rent to his majesty." The patent is dated May 30th, 1664, eighteen years before Penn's arrival, and is regularly recorded, forming the earliest title to lands in the country, being considerably earlier than that of Jurian Hartzfelder to the tract afterwards known as "the Northern Liberties." The Swensens were all Weccacoe Indians, now Southwark, and "Mayamensing hill" is believed to be the little stream near the Greenwich Point Mowne, now called Hay Creek. The lines of the Swedes are observed in the grant referred to extended up into the city, and Penn gave the Swensons a tract on the Schuylkill for quiet possession. The present district of Mayamensing only embraces a part of the Swedish lands. We have no record of the renaming of the name. Wiccaco was the name of an Indian village originally there, and is said to mean "pleasant place."

KENSINGTON.—This name was given to the land between the Cohocksink and Gunner's Creek at a very early day. It is derived, like Southwark, from the name of one of the parishes of the city of London. The region is celebrated as being the site of the Treaty—a distinction which the present authorities of the district seem to care but little about, judging from the manner in which the spot where that famous transaction was consummated is neglected, so that it were, under or lower hill, my feet—a beautiful prospect—thence going right forward over divers fields, I came to John Pemberton's ground, on a lower situation, where I stood awhile to look about and consider where I was, for at first I did not know, though I had often been here years before, so great a change had taken place even in this part of the vicinity of Philadelphia. In this ground I noticed a spring of water which I had formerly observed, when here; this spring in its course from its fountain, forms a pretty large stream, running towards the city to a small lower ground. I followed it till it came to a low place, where it divides in two. One stream manifestly appears to me to run westwardly towards Schuylkill, south of Hamilton's house at Bush Hill." (This is no doubt the same stream which many now be seen running through an excavation made for a cellar on the north side of Callowhill Street, between Schuylkill Front and Second—then passes through the cellar of an adjoining house, where it is culverted, and crossing beneath Callowhill Street, finds its way into the Schuylkill, above Vine Street, being culverted over at Schuylkill Front Street, flowing open between the next street and the Schuylkill, and crossed by a bridge at the end of Race street.) "The other stream runs eastward towards the Delaware. I followed it through divers fields till I came near the brick kilns, where this stream, crossing the Wissahickon (Ridge) Road, forms what is called Pegg's Run, and falls into the Delaware, north of the city gate. From this place I came home by David Rittenhouse's new dwelling, north-west corner of Seventh and Arch streets; after this I immediately wrote these lines—this in the space of an hour and a half nearly, according to my thinking, somewhat standing. As late as 1797—'8, Spring Garden was a village by itself, inhabited almost altogether by butchers. It was incorporated in 1813.

METAMUCKEN.—The first mention of this name is found in a deed from Francis Lovelace, "Governor General under James, Duke of York and Albany, for all his territories in America," confirming a grant made by the Dutch Governor at Delaware to Swen Gonderson, Swen Swensen, Oele Swensen and Andrew Swensen, for a certain piece of ground lying "up above on the river there, beginning at *Mayamensing hill*, and so stretching inwards four hundred rods, and in length *unto the woods* six hundred rods—in all, about eight hundred acres." The tract was about one and a quarter miles in breadth by two miles in length, and was confirmed to the Swensens "on annual payment of eight bushels of winter wheat as a quit rent to his majesty." The patent is dated May 30th, 1664, eighteen years before Penn's arrival, and is regularly recorded, forming the earliest title to lands in the country, being considerably earlier than that of Jurian Hartzfelder to the tract afterwards known as "the Northern Liberties." The Swensens were all Weccacoe Indians, now Southwark, and "Mayamensing hill" is believed to be the little stream near the Greenwich Point Mowne, now called Hay Creek. The lines of the Swedes observed in the grant referred to extended up into the city, and Penn gave the Swensons a tract on the Schuylkill for quiet possession. The present district of Mayamensing only embraces a part of the Swedish lands. We have no record of the renaming of the name. Wiccaco was the name of an Indian village originally there, and is said to mean "pleasant place."

KENSINGTON.—This name was given to the land between the Cohocksink and Gunner's Creek at a very early day. It is derived, like Southwark, from the name of one of the parishes of the city of London. The region is celebrated as being the site of the Treaty—a distinction which the present authorities of the district seem to care but little about, judging from the manner in which the spot where that famous transaction was consummated is neglected, so that it were, under or lower than

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

ANOTHER REFORM.

A late number of the Boston Recorder contains the following good hit at the many new projects of Reform which are being continually started. Its calculations of the immense saving of time and money which would result from persons paring their nails only once a week, (why not once a year?) are on a par with those frequently seen in the papers, relative to the benefit of early rising, or the constant employment of time.

"Is it not astonishing, that in this age of reformation, the Christian world has continued to sleep over this important subject—the excessive paring of nails? Once a week is certainly sufficient, for all reasonable purposes. Why, then, should we suffer that immense waste of time and talent, caused by doing it twice a week? Suppose that the operation is performed in one minute—which is certainly a very moderate estimate. The world is supposed to contain 800,000,000 inhabitants.—By paring nails twice a week, therefore, instead of once, 800,000,000 minutes are lost to the human race every week. The minutes are equal to 13,333,333 hours, or 555,555 days, or 1,520 years, every week, or 79,040 years of human life annually. Or rather allowing men to labor only 12 hours a day, instead of twenty-four, it is equal to the entire labor of 158,080 men. Allowing their time to be worth $100 each, the annual pecuniary loss amounts to $15,808,000. This sum would endow 105 colleges annually with funds of $150,000, each. It would give a salary of $300 each to 52,616 ministers. It would build 5,000 meeting-houses annually, at $3,000 each.

"But the pecuniary loss is not the most affecting consideration. Only think of the entire working hours of 158,080 men, squandered in the unnecessary paring of nails. So much useful human activity blotted from existence! So much for mental and moral improvement annihilated! So many human beings, so far as human existence is concerned, murdered in every generation! Or rather, every human individual of the human race, robbed of his share of 158,080 years of life!

"Oh! the apathy of mankind, in view of this universal murder! And we have all by our quiet acquiescence, if in no other way, consented to it, and thus made ourselves partakers of the guilt.—What society have we established—what notes of remonstrance have we in any way sent forth, against this devourer of human life? The pulpit is dumb, the press is muzzled, and universal tolerance proclaims our condescension, as a pro-too-much-zeal-ous people. What, oh! where is the Luther, whose iron tongue of note shall break this sleep of ages! Where is the Howard, whose 'circumnavigating charity'—and on on as long as you please.

"If any one questions the fact, that men pare their nails twice a week, instead of once, as they ought, he may be put down by the following plain answers. 1. It is notorious that they do. 2. He who denies it is wholly uninformed on the subject. 3. He is altogether behind the spirit of the age.—4. He is an enemy to the magnificent reformation. 5. He pares his own nails too much. 6. All other argument which are fashionable on such an occasion."

OLD COPPER MINES.

Old excavations, evidently worked many centuries ago, have been found in the Lake Superior Copper Region. It appears the ancient miners pursued a different plan from that at present adopted. After getting down to a certain depth, they drifted along the vein, making an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to the level by accumulation of soil, and trees of the largest growth are found standing in this gutter. Trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and fallen, and many years since, and in the same places there are now standing trees of over three hundred years' growth. A correspondent of the Buffalo Express, from whom we derive these particulars, says further:

"Last week they dug down into a new place, and about twelve feet below the surface found a mass of copper that will weigh from eight to ten tons. This mass was burned in ashes, and it appears they could not handle it, and had no means of carrying it, and probably built fire to melt or separate the rock from it, which might be done by heating, and then dashing on cold water. This piece of copper is as pure and clean as a new cent, the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein, which pitches considerably; this enabled them to mine it as far as the hole came up with a slant. At the bottom of the shaft they found sticks of black oak, from eight to twelve inches in diameter—these sticks were charred through, as if burnt; they found large wooden wedges in the same situations. In this shaft they found a miner's gad and a narrow chisel made of copper. I do not know whether these copper tools are tempered or not, but their make displays good workmanship. They have taken out more than a ton of cobble-stones, which have been used as mallets. These mallets were nearly round, with a score cut around the centre, and look as if the score was cut for the purpose of putting a withe round for a handle. The Chippewa Indians all say that this work was never done by Indians. This discovery will lead to a new method of finding veins in this country, and may be of great benefit to some. I suppose they will keep finding new wonders for some time yet, as it is but a short time since they first found the old mine. There is no copper here in circulation, and I think people will begin to dig it in a few years. Mr. Knapp has found considerable silver during the past Winter."

FIRE IN ALBANY.

We regret to have to record an extensive conflagration in Albany, New York, by which a large portion of that city was consumed, and property destroyed to the amount of three millions of dollars. Upwards of twenty persons are said to be missing.

An immense quantity of flour has been destroyed; there were not less than ten thousand barrels on the piers, and not a particle of their contents was saved.

The Swiftsure Line are very heavy losers. Report says from $60,000 to $90,000, by the destruction of barges, floats, &c.

An idea of the extent of the burned districts can be formed by the following figures:—The Southern boundary of the fire measures 700 feet, the Western 1,500 feet, the Northern 300 feet, and the Eastern 1,600. This vast area was all comparatively covered with buildings.

The fire originated in a very singular manner. It appears that while a woman was washing, a spark set fire to her wash bonnet. Without a moment's thought she [illegible] and threw it she knew not where, unfortunately it alighted in a stable, which in a moment almost, was enveloped in flames.

THE POTATO CROP.

The Calais (Me.) Advertiser states that the potato crop is doing well in that vicinity, with no symptoms of disease as yet. The Edgartown (Nantucket) Gazette says the crop in that vicinity is nearly if not entirely free from disease, and that the potatoes are far larger than any ever before grown there. On the other hand, in the neighborhood of Bath, Me., the Tribune of that place states that the potatoes are all dead or dying, and that the crop will be entirely cut off.

The Pittsburgh, Penn. Gazette says: The potato rot threatens to prevail extensively in this region. We have seen enough to satisfy us that one-third—perhaps much more—of the crops in some parts of the country is already affected with the disease, and some farmers assure us that they will not even dig the remainder of their crops. Potatoes which appear perfectly sound on being taken up, soon exhibit disease, and become entirely rotten in a few days. In hot and damp grounds, the disease most prevails.

VOTING IN GERMANY.

The Paris correspondent of the Harbinger gives us an illustration of the popular ignorance on the subject of elections, in Germany and even in France, the following fact:

In France it is better, but in stances similar to the above are not wanting.

A Letter from Father Mathew.—The proprietor of the Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, having tendered to Father Mathew its hospitalities, the following reply has been received:

Cork, July 27, 1848.

My Dear Friend:—Your honored invitation, to be a guest at the Marlboro' Hotel, I highly prize, and I shall with gratitude avail myself of your kindness on the occasion of my intended visit to Boston. The Marlboro' being the oldest temperance hotel in the country, will be an additional inducement to take up my abode in it. My temperance lease out, as yet, decided on allowing me to take it on September 1 in August. My health continues, thank God, to improve. I am deeply grateful to my friends in Boston for their solicitude about me, and remain, with high respect, yours devotedly, THEOBALD MATHEW.

Outrageous.—In the midst of all the confusion and destruction of property during the late Albany conflagration, the firemen had a shameful riot, and the police were obliged to put one of the companies out of service to stop it. The apparatus was lodged in the City Hall yard, and unmanned in the moment of danger.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 174—adults 86, and children 116.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM OREGON.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has the Oregon Spectator of April 20th, which contains the following intelligence:

A letter dated Fort Waters, April 4th, says:—We look for the Indians to come on us every day, —they say they will give us one more fight, and drive us from the country. We expect they will number twelve hundred. The Cayuses, Nez Perces, Walla Wallas, Spokanes and Pelouches, will all join and fight us, and we may expect a call for more men in a short time. We are preparing for an attack. We are killing beef and drying it to day. I think we can defend this post—we shall do so or die in the attempt.

The weather in Oregon was charming, and the crops abundant.

The following spirited reply was given by the young ladies of the Willamette Valley, to an appeal from Captain Mason, that they would use their influence in bringing volunteers into the field:—

In reply, we hereby, one and all, of our own free good will, solemnly pledge ourselves to comply with that request, and to evince on all suitable occasions, our detestation and contempt for any and all young men who can, but will not take up arms and march at once to the seat of war, to punish the Indians who have not only murdered our friends, but have grossly insulted our sex. We never can and never will bestow our confidence upon a man who has neither patriotism nor courage enough to defend his country and the girls—such a one would never have a sufficient sense of obligation to defend and protect his wife.

Do not be uneasy about your claims and your rights in the valley; while you are defending the rights of your country, she is watching yours. You must not be discouraged—fight on—be brave —obey your officers—and never quit you posts till the enemy is conquered, and when you return in triumph to the valley, you shall find us ready to rejoice with you, as we now are to sympathize with you in your sufferings and dangers.

(Signed by fifteen young ladies.)

The St. Louis Republican of the 12th, brings information twelve days later still, a party having arrived at St. Joseph, who left Oregon on the 21st of May.

There was no news of importance, farther than that the Oregon Regiment, under Col. Loe, had fought another battle with the Indians, in which no whites were killed, but several wounded, some mortally, it was feared. Col. Loe and his regiment had were obliged to retreat, for want of ammunition.

FROM MEXICO.

Vera Cruz dates have been received to the 7th inst.

The revolutionary attempt of Paredes has been completely suppressed. The Indians have been disarmed, and as many as twelve hundred of the prisoners of war, who have been discharged after pledging themselves to support the Government.

Most of the Americans left in Mexico, at the departure of our forces, have since gone to Yucatan to aid in the contest with the Indians.

Paredes still remained concealed. Some of his confederates have been captured.

Another pronunciamento has been issued by Don Placeu Miranda at Mazatlan. The plan of the insurrection was not obtainable, as well as the object to be gained, but it was supposed to be a desire to obtain a million and a half of dollars which were expected to arrive at Mazatlan. The Government has ordered troops to proceed to Mazatlan in order to suppress the revolt.

FROM YUCATAN.

By an arrival from Yucatan we have Campeachy dates to the 30th inst. The whites have defeated the Indians in several recent conflicts, and most of the towns that had been captured by them have been recovered and the Indians driven off.

Miscellaneous.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

The question, whether a man can lawfully take for a second wife, the sister of his deceased wife, has been recently examined in England by a Royal Commission—Lord Bishop of Lichfield, the Honorable James Stuart Wortley, M. P., Sir Stephen Lushington, D. C. L., Mr. Anthony Richard Blake, Sir Edward Vaughan Williams and Mr. Andrew Rutherford. The first report of these Commissioners has been lately published, together with the evidence of the witnesses examined, and other appendices. The report itself occupies a space of ten pages. The result of their investigations into this question, in reference to the different countries, is as follows:

The Commissioners find, from their minute investigation of the laws of foreign countries, that marriages of that kind are permitted, by "dispensations" or other wise, in nearly all the continental states of Europe.

It appears that, in the Romish church, they are prohibited as matters of discipline, but that such prohibition may be, and frequently is, dispensed with by the Supreme Pontiff, or his father in authority; the principle of this dispensation being that the prohibition has been imposed by the church, and not by the law of God; and that, consequently, the church is as free to remove as it was to make such prohibitions.

In Protestant countries such marriages are like wise permitted, and solemnized by dispensation or license, under ecclesiastical or civil authority.

In the United States of America, alliances between a man and the sister of his former wife are not only deemed lawful, in a civil sense, but also in a moral, religious and Christian sense; and, moreover, exceeding praiseworthy. A great judicial authority, in that country, we allude to Judge Story—declares, "Nothing is more common in the United States of America than second marriages of this sort, and so far from being doubtful as to their moral tendency, they are among us, deemed the very best sort of marriages. In my whole life I have never heard the slightest suggestion against them, founded on moral or domestic considerations."

Turning to the Greek church we find these marriages stigmatized as incestuous, and of course disallowed as utterly unlawful. It seems, however, that such marriages are not illegal in Russia if the contracting parties be without the pale of the Greek Church.

The opinion prevalent among the Jews is favorable to these unions, and, so far from condemning such connexions, the usual time prescribed for remaining in a state of widowhood is abbreviated in cases where there are children.

The various Dissenters do not appear to hold any opinion based on the assumption that these marriages are interdicted by Holy Writ, the sole authority which these respectable classes of the Christian community admit.

The Commissioners were naturally anxious to ascertain the opinions of the clergy of the Established Church in England on the two questions of principle and expediency:—1. Whether the marriage with the sister of a deceased wife is prohibited by the Divine law; or 2. If not, whether it ought to be interdicted on any other ground.

The result of this inquiry was unsatisfactory.—The clergy are so divided in opinion on both questions that it is impossible to put forth any judicial sixteen at the expression of the sentiments entertained by so numerous, important and authoritative a body. The majority, especially in Ireland, appear to object to the marriages in question, for various grounds; and in Scotland, the opinion of the Presbyterian ministers is decidedly adverse to them.

After an examination of the question whether statutes prevent such marriages, the Commissioners report.

These marriages will take place when a concurrence of circumstances give rise to mutual attachment; they are not dependent on legislation. We are not inclined to think that such attachments and marriages would be extensively increased in number were the law to permit them; because, as we have said, it is not the state of the law, probably or permissive, which has governed, or, as we think, ever will effectually govern them.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The Cincinnati Commercial tells the following, which contains a lesson that not only church members, but all persons, may profit by:

A day or two since, a contribution was made before Esquire Brooks, by a prominent church member, of an assault, by one of the brethren, of the same church, and a warrant was accordingly issued.—The parties were brought up for trial, but instead of proceeding with the case, Esq. Brooks addressed them somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen.—You are members of the same church—professors of a faith which teaches peace and good will to all men. You, as professors of religion, are looked upon as guides to youth—in fact, to all—no matter what may be your sect—and by your example and course of conduct, as well as the doctrines which your faith inculcates, the public takes its moral tone. Now, how does it look, to see two men, bound before their God to peace towards each other, professing the same Christian belief, and at the head of an institution, a holy one, which should be an example—standing in a criminal court, one an accuser, the other a culprit? How will it sound abroad? What will be thought of you out of doors?"

These remarks had the desired effect. The parties shook hands, paid the costs, and went home together. In the course of the afternoon, Esquire Brooks was the recipient of a large and splendidly bound Bible, at the hands of the plaintiff and defendant!

INSTANCES OF MANUAL DEXTERITY IN MANUFACTURES.

The "body" of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of "red" wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bass; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The wire, by means of a small piece of wood, comes the end of his "bow" to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres—these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curved shell of metal buttons is prepared by means of a stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workwoman employed to stamp the little bits of copper acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute. This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, and with a sweep of the arm moved by the hand, and finally removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1,728 in the hour, must be very great.

In typefounding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead for each pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking-bottles much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously, simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is merely an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred dozen in an hour.

In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking-bottles much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and laid aside. This is done so rapidly, that the three-fold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside is repeated in less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectator the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into cases the same dexterity is shown.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the nicety of dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from 15,000 to 20,000 of these heads in a day.

The reader will frequently have seen the papers in which pins are stuck for the convenience of sale; children can paper from 30,000 to 40,000 in a day, although each pin involves a separate and distinct operation!

The hooking of pins and eyes is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin-lengths in his hand, spread out like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action.

In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operative can finish 8,000 needles in an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye-holes of needles with a fine punch, the same observation as to dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors!

In finally "papering" needles for sale, the female employed can count and paper 3,000 in an hour!

IS IT SO?

The following good-humored piece of satire, levelled at one of the Lords, is taken, from a recent number of the N. Y. Island City:

Is it so?—The Troy (N. Y.) Whig says — "The mother of Lamartine, the celebrated leader of the French Revolution, is said to be a Massachusetts girl. She married the father of Lamartine, when quite young, in Boston."—*Exchange.*

Of course it is "so." It always is "so." Whenever a great man turns up in Europe, his mother was, or her family were both connexions. Mention another, and a sister, and with that fatal dreamer, Poe some yanks, I have been predisposed to it myself. About one year ago I was quite sick for a number of weeks, confined to my bed when the pain in my side would allow me to lay. My physician, on examining my disease liver complaint; my liver was very much enlarged—I mean blood servant; the pain in my side was caused by the fact that the ends of the ribs next to the heart were eaten away by the disease affected me. I was cupped, bled, and had a large blister placed on my side, but to no purpose; I got no relief. At last my physician said he could not cure me. I expressed to die soon. Providentially I heard of, and obtained, a bottle of your Balsam, which relieved me at once. I was encouraged to persevere in its use, and in less than five bottles, my health restored my life and cured me. My health is now good. For Lung Complaints I believe it is a most certain cure.

Signed, MARTHA A. BETCHEL.

I am acquainted with Mrs. Betchel—her statement is true.

Signed, WHITALL STOKES, Druggist.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and by country druggists throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1y

OLD GRIMES.

Who has not heard of old Grimes? But how many know any thing of his history, save what the song says, that the "good old man is dead?" Ephraim Grimes, if not a native of Bubbardstown, Mass., for many years lived in that town. For a long time he followed the business of a drover from the Northern and Western parts of Massachusetts and Vermont to the Brighton market. His character is an upright, honest man, and worthy citizens, was never considered the best. He was extremely fond of vulgar merriment, called fun, and whenever he could raise a laugh at the expense of another, he spared no pains to accomplish it. An anecdote or two, from the many which might be related, will sufficiently exhibit this leading trait of his character. Grimes was one night travelling on the main road between Leicester and Worcester, and coming to a house standing in a very elevated position, he walked up to the door, and after making a good deal of noise succeeded in arousing the slumbering inmates. An old man came and unbarred the door, of whom Grimes inquired if he had a drain to his cellar. The man replied that he had. "Well," said Grimes, "if you hadn't, I was going to tell you, you have a grand chance to dig one."

At another time, while passing towards Brighton with a drove of cattle, he halted, as his custom was whenever he came to a like place, at a tavern, and entering the bar-room with his long whip in his hand, commenced snapping it near the head of a gentleman who was there. The man, not wishing to have his hand in such close proximity to the end of a whip wielded by the hand of so sturdy a looking man as Grimes, stepped back, telling him to be careful or he would hit somebody. "Don't be afraid," said Grimes, still cracking his whip and following nearer his victim, "for if I hit you I'll pay the bittern." At last the whip came so close as to take a small piece from the man's cheek. Grimes was satisfied, and walked up to the bar and called for a mug of toddy.

By such acts of mischief and provoking character, he at last became very troublesome to the inhabitants of Hubbardston, and fearing he might be arrested, he took his departure to parts unknown. He was then about forty years of age. After he had been gone several years and no tidings heard of him, some one wrote that numerous elegy, if I may so call it, which has since borne his name.

After leaving Hubbardston he went to live with his son in Chelsea, Vt., where he contrived to stay during the next forty years; but his old habits still clinging to him, he was unable to remain long to get rid of him, raised a sum of money by subscription, and giving it to his son, requested him to send the old man away.

Never were the inhabitants of Hubbardston more surprised than they were one day six or eight years ago, when an old man, with head as white as the driven snow, but with figure as proudly erect as in his youthful days, came marching into town. Young men stared, and old men looked grave. At last one of the latter, "I'll be darned if that ain't Ephraim Grimes!" said one gentleman to another. "I can't tell," was the answer. "Why, because he is a *plain dealer.*" "Ah, I see it now, you have made it a *deal plainer,*" was the reply.

Grimes "Who" why in the name of goodness did you not make the washerwoman put starch in my shirt collar?" "Why, my dear," said the wife, "I thought it a useless waste of the article, for I can get your *choler* so easily up without it."

Grimes "Why, my dear," said the wife, "I thought it a useless waste of the article, for I can get your *choler* so easily up without it."

Mr. Thomas L. Nichols, of the Sunday Dispatch, has been joined in wedlock with Mrs. Mary S. Gove, of lecturing and Water Cure celebrity. Both of New York.

Mr. Tice places in the West Indies book run in a very scientific manner. They first fill a bottle with water and invert the nozzle into the bung of a barrel full of rum. Water being the heaviest sinks down and the spirit rises in its place, and Coffee thus makes a swap on scientific principles.

What is mans history? Born—living—dying—leaving behind him the tombstone of his vanities. Or, a stormy sea, 'mid lonely shipwreck's dying. And casting anchor in the silent grave!

It has been decided in England that a mistress has a right to box the ears of an impertinent servant. The magistrate who gave the wise decision, gave it as his private opinion, that servant girls were the greatest plagues in peoples' lives.

He that hath a proud woman for his wife, is like oak begirt with ivy; for he suffers himself to be embraced by that which will bring him to ruin.

The mean temperature of the month of July was 70.11 degrees, one and a half degrees lower than the mean temperature of July for the last twenty-five years.

An exchange tells a story of lightning freaks, where an apple tree in Heidelberg was struck and split from top to bottom. A young man named Smith was leaning against the tree at the time, and slid into the cavity; when the tree closed, he was held fast. A son and cousin who were resorted to before the young man could be extricated.

"Will you have some of the *Mexican?*" asked somebody of a hungry volunteer. "No, I thank you," said the sager, "I have been mustered in one time, and don't want to be again."

General Cavaignac is rather above the medium stature; his face, browned by the African sun, is decorated with a huge pair of moustachios, and bears, as well as his person, a martial character, which is out of keeping with his mind.

Dobbs, on being asked if he had ever seen the bridge of Sighs, replied, "Yes, I've been travelling on it ever since I was married."

"If there is anybody under the canister of the Heavens that I hold in utter execrescence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is a slander, going about like a vile box constructor, circulating the calomel about honest folks!"

"Mister, will you just lend us your newspaper? He only wants to send it to his uncle in the country." "Oh, certainly. And ask your father if he'll just lend me the roof of his house—I only want the shingles to make the tea kettle hot!"

Somebody had a very convenient formula for getting rid of all the new publications that were constantly sent to him;—"Dear sir, I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted after I have read it."

"Dumbey and Son" has been dramatised, and is being played at one of the New York theatres.

The story about a fight between an elephant and a rhinoceros, was a hoax.

"Why is the evening of the 27th ult by the same Mr. John McDonald, of Port Richmond, to Miss Sarah McCluskey, of Philadelphia?" "Because on the 27th ult. by the same Mr. John G. White, of West Chester, by the Rev A. S. Patton, Mr. William R. Way, to Miss Elizabeth Thomas, both of Willistown."

On the 16th inst. by the same, Mr. John G. White, to Miss Amanda Reese.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. William Hayes, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Ann Hughes, daughter of Wm. H. Gibbs, Esq., of South Carolina.

At Moyamensing, N. L. on the 13th inst. by the Rev. C. J. Hopkins, of N. Y., Mr. Albert J. Miller, of this city, to Miss Anna S. Faulk, of Morristown.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Cookman, Mr. Daniel McGowan, to Miss Mary J. Justis, all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th of May last, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Charles H. Hoffeitz, of Bedford, to Miss Emma Wilcox, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of June last, by the Rev. T. Kayser, Mr. Andrew J. Ulrich, to Miss Rebecca Ann, daughter of William Williams, Esq. all of Phœnixville.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. T. Nichols, Mr. Wm. Devonshire, to Miss Elizabeth Lockhart, all of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 17th inst. Mr. Charles Evans, aged 39.

On the 17th inst. Francis Patrick, son of Jos and Rosina McAllister, aged 10 months.

On the 18th inst. Mr. John Kensel, aged 32 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Jacob Shetz, in advanced age.

On the 17th inst. Anna Laetitia, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Jones, aged 7 months.

On the 18th inst. James Levan, aged 48 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Jane Hamilton, aged 31.

On the 17th inst. Mr. W. P. Thompson, aged 30.

On the 17th inst. Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. C. and Frances Wagner, aged 15 months.

On the 18th inst. Wm. Henry, son of Saml. and Elizabeth Harrison, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Jacob Bachman, aged 70.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John D. Miller, aged 49.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Margaret Dunn and Elizabeth Engelbert, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 18th inst. Ann Maria, daughter of Wm and Margaret Hutchinson, aged 19 months.

On the 17th inst. Thomas Green, aged 4 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Margaret Fisher, aged 70.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Robert K. Galion, aged 45.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Lyons, aged 39.

On the 17th inst. Geo. Washington, son of John and Elizabeth Lace, aged 13 months.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Ann Reed, aged 70 years.

On the 13th inst. Sarah Porter, daughter of James and Ann Porter, aged 15 months.

On the 17th inst. Anna, daughter of Jonathan and Mary Cumming, aged 8 months.

On the 18th inst. Mrs Rorey, Sr. aged 75 years.

On the 16th inst. Francis Reid, Sr. aged 63.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann Barab, wife of the Rev Geo Keogan, Pastor of the Spruce Street Baptist Church, in the fifteenth year of her age.

On the 17th inst. Henry G. Mott, son of John and Lucy Hoffman, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 15th inst. Mr. Charles Bell, aged 70.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Mary A. Davis, wife of Edward F. Mears, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. Mary Ann, daughter of John and Mary A. Devine, aged 6 months.

On the 17th inst. Sarah Moore, aged 31 years.

On the 14th inst. Thomzian Darrah, aged 61.

On the 19th inst. Mary Weary, daughter of David and Mary A. McMullin, aged 6 months.

On the 20th inst. James McCausland, aged 2 years and 4 months.

On the 15th inst. Nancy Bowers, aged 82 years and 4 months.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. K. SMITH.

No. 24 South Third Street, Philadelphia, August 26, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	¼ dis
Farmers' do	par	All insolvent do	11 dis
Girard do	par	Banks of Delaware	2 dis
Chambersburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Erie	1 dis	CONNECTICUT.	
Berks county	½ sale	All solvent banks	par
Bucks county	1 dis	MASSACHUSETTS	
Carlisle	1 dis	All solvent banks	¼ dis
Germantown	1 dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Gettysburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	¼ dis
Hanover	1 dis	CANADA.	
Pittsburg	1 dis	Montreal	5 dis
Lancaster	1 dis	VIRGINIA	
Washington	11 dis	Bk of Virginia	¼ dis
Erie	1 dis	Farmers' Bk of Virginia	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1 dis	Far. Bk. & bran.	1 dis
Lebanon	par	Exchange Bk. & branch	1 dis
Lehigh county bank	par	Bk. of Virginia & branches	1 dis
Towanda	no sale	Wheeling	1 dis
Greenville	1 dis	NORTH CAROLINA	
Harrisburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	11 dis
Hollidaysburg	1 dis	South Carolina	
Wyoming	1 dis	SOUTH CAROLINA	
Middletown	1 dis	Sav. Exchange Bk.	11 dis
Northumberland	1 dis	Bank of Charleston	1 dis
Schuylk. Haven	par	Branch notes	¼ dis
Pottsville	par	GEORGIA	
Reading	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY		ALABAMA	
Trenton, M'Kinley		Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Camden, Mechanics	par	Country banks	5 dis
Camden, Medford	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
Camden	par	All banks	30 dis
Newark, Newtown		LOUISIANA	
Patterson Morris-		All solvent banks	2½ dis
town, New Bruns-		FLORIDA	
wick, Middletown		No Life & Trust Co.	—
Point, Orange, Bel-		OHIO	
videre, Elizabeth-		Bank of Wooster	60 dis
town, Dover, Bur-		Bank of Cincinnati	2½ dis
lington, Farmers'		All solvent banks	1 dis
Bk. of Burlington	1 dis	KENTUCKY	
Camden	1 dis	All solvent banks	11 dis
Cumberland	1 dis	INDIANA.	
Gloucester	1 dis	All solvent banks	2½ dis
Hagerstown	1 dis	Branch notes	2½ dis
Salem & Farmers'	1 dis	ILLINOIS	
Bank of Merchtl. ex.	par	All solvent banks	2½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA		State bank	70 dis
Bank of Washington	par	Bank of Cairo	—
Do. Georgetown	par	MISSOURI	
NEW YORK		All solvent banks	11 dis
City banks	1 dis	Bank of St. Chas. no sale	
Canal bk. at Albany	60 dis	Farmers' & M. Bank	11 dis
Tonawanda	60 dis	MICHIGAN	
Lockport	60 dis	All banks	no sale
Niagara	60 dis	WISCONSIN	
Millers' Clyde	15 dis	All banks	no sale
Auburn	1 dis	Mineral Point	—
Albany	1 dis	Milwaukie	—
Utica	1 dis	IOWA	
State bk.—Susquehna	1 dis	Miners' bank	—
Farmers Ex. Utica	1 dis		
Country banks	1 dis		
All solvent banks	¼ dis		

WANTED,

A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN, to go South and West. Also some in the New England States, to act as agents for the sale of a new work, of over 4,000 pp. royal octavo, cried and adorned with engravings, and to be published in numbers, at the low price of 25 cents per number. Any person wishing to engage in the sale of this work will receive a copy of the first number, and more, if they desire, on application. Those persons now in our employ will no doubt make over $1,000 per month, clear of all expenses, and there are others for orders to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for him to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good footing out. Apply to WILCH & CHAMBERLIN,

No. 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ All letters must be post paid. aug 19 lt

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.

—We know of no better way of informing the public of the fact that we have purchased the above old and well known establishment, and have entered a new and substantial Brick House, 50 by 40 feet, three stories high, with excellent underneath, calculated for, and now occupied as a Female Boarding School, divided into three rooms and an entry on the first floor, and a kitchen attached. There rooms, a Bath-room, and Sun-room on the second, and four chambers on the third with a well of good water, and one door shelter. There is also a frame stable, and Carriage House, on the premises, with a variety of sheds and fruit Trees.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock and conditions made known by

JOEL J. BAILY,
JOSEPH M. SUMMERS } Assignees
OF CHARLES BUFFINGTON and wife.
aug 12, 1848. aug26-2t

JUST PUBLISHED

Married.

Bank Note List.

Clippings.

☞ The mission in Jerusalem have made sixty converts in nineteen years, at the rate of about £500 per convert.

☞ There is in Oliver street, Boston, a house containing thirteen rooms, which has for regular occupants, *seventy-three persons!*

☞ James Fenimore Cooper has written another novel, "The Oak Openings, or the Bee Hunter," which is now passing through the press of Burgess & Stringer.

☞ Referring to the threat of the King of Hanover to leave the kingdom, if the Frankfort Assembly went beyond certain limits, the Bremer Zeitung of the 13th remarks, that "if his majesty can leave the dominions, his dominions can do without him."

☞ The Medical Times mentions a monster who never slept, and yet lived in good health till his 73d year. He had a hand of dough for about a quarter of an hour once a day, which was all the sleep he was ever known to take.

☞ A letter has been received from Dr. Wilson, Bombay, dated April 1st, 1848, stating that he was nearly stung to death by bees, while making researches on Natural History. He protected himself with a bonnet and veil, I imagine.

☞ A lieutenant of police in New Orleans, lately took it into his head to visit the watchmen at their posts at midnight, without notice. The result was, that he found three of them fast asleep in a dark entry, and the rest of their posts vacant!

☞ R. I. Yancy, Esq., late the editor of the Sommerville (Tenn.) Reporter, has taken charge of the Memphis Inquirer.

☞ There have been many definitions of a "kiss," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a girl in New York, the other day. "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

☞ A fashionable city lady, while in the country, a short time since, inquired, "what those animals were with *pewter horns* growing out of their ears."

☞ Henry IV., of France, one day reached Amiens, after a long journey. The local orator was deputed to harangue him, and commenced with a very long string of epithets:—"Very great sovereign, very good, very magnanimous." "And also," interrupted the King, "very tired."

☞ Never go to bed with cold feet or a cold heart.

☞ In Massachusetts there are fourteen hundred insane persons not under treatment in any Hospital or Asylum.

☞ A loafer, leaving his wife in a great rage, said she never should see him again till he was rich enough to ride home in a fine carriage. He was brought home in about two hours on a wheelbarrow.

☞ The son of Abdel Kader has died at Pau, and one of his wives is dangerously ill. The climate of France is not found to agree with the children of the desert.

☞ A Berlin letter asserts that the Bank of England has offered the Prussian Government a loan of £150,000 at 5 per cent., but it was declined.

☞ The Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, has sailed for England.

☞ The mother of a hopeful young man in New Orleans told her son, "that if he didn't stop drinking he'd wear the end of his stomach out." "Then," replied the youth, "I let it work in its *shirt sleeves.*"

☞ Dobbs says that the only difference he can discover between a General and a Captain, is, that one says "come on," and the other "go on."

☞ Referring to the threat of the King of Hanover to leave the kingdom, if the Frankfort Assembly went beyond certain limits, the Bremer Zeitung of the 13th remarks, that "if his majesty can leave the dominions, his dominions can do without him."

☞ The Medical Times mentions a monster who never slept, and

[illegible] RY.

[illegible] rybs!
[illegible] ed she knows exactly—
[illegible] ever owe the like
[illegible] bewing Ingory—
Bring time or sweet and sour?
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal;
Darling's nose is not a peg!

Some one says 'tis Pa all over.
Whereat Pa never rather red,
And, to scan his features, quickly
To the looking glass his fled;
But conceive his component
When he hears the nurse's story,
Who admits, (out of all bobbin
This indeed's the overlaying glory!

Aunt Belinda says she guesses—
Says indeed she knows it, yes—
That 't will prove to be a greater
Man than e'er its father was;
Proving then the modern theorie,
Held by renowned doctors sage
That in babies, as in wisdom,
This is a "progressive" age.

Uncle Tom looks on and wonders
At so great a prodigy;
Closer and closer still he presses,
Thinking something brave to see.
Up they hold the babe before him,
While they gather in a ring,
But, alas! the staggered uncle
Vainly tries in praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,
Nestling by its mother's side,
Opes its little mouth, and, smiling,
Gurgles forth a milky tide.
Uncle runs to hide his blushes,
Looks about to find his hat,
Stumbles blindly o'er a cradle,
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, oh! why such awkward blunders?
Better far have staid away.
Now have thrust yourself where women
Holds no undisputed sway:
Do you think that now they'll name it,
As they meant to, after you?
Watched mortal! not an answer,
You've decided if you do!

Round about the noisy women
Pass the helpless stranger now,
Ruptured with each nascent measure,
Chin and mouth and eyes and brow
And for this young fund of promise,
All neglect the room in bloom,
Eldest born, who, quite forgotten,
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage-horn! ring the cow bell!
That the waiting world may know;
Publish it through all our borders,
Even unto Mexico,
Seize your pens, oh! dreaming poet,
And, in numbers smooth as may be,
Spread afar the joyful tidings,
Betsey's got another baby!

New Publications.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Hazlitt, in his Life of Napoleon, recently published by Carey & Hart, of this city, has the following remarks upon the Reign of Terror—some of which are very admirable, others rather curious, and all bearing the impress of a strong and vigorous mind:

The death of Robespierre was the end of the *reign of terror*, a reign that has been the *wonder of our times*, and the chief actors *in* which will not be absolved by posterity, however it may qualify the decision on prejudices of the moment. Perhaps, under all the circumstances, the system adopted (*however dreadful*) was necessary to repel the unprincipled aggressions or secret treachery of the enemies of the Republic; the transient evil, though great, was less than the evil aimed at by the opposite side, which was no other than the final and utter extinction of the hopes, rights, and dignity of human nature. But a good cause may require the aid of bad men and bad passions to command an equal force with the ardent of mercy and inveterate malignity arrayed against it by the worst; nay, it must do so, since good men have not the strength of nerve or stock of virtue to make the sacrifices or incur the responsibility unavoidable in that deadly strife which evil wages with good, power with liberty, kings with their subjects. Pure patriotism and philanthropy may be wound up to strike a terrible blow on some particular occasion; but a succession of such acts hardens the heart and revolts the feelings; the good and virtuous shrink from the trial or become corrupted by their "great office," and the bad come forward to relieve them from the painful alternative. A man may at first embrue his hands in blood from a strong sense of *necessity* or from a mistaken idea of duty; but the habit of shedding the love of justice or his country will become the professed and ostensible motive, the original repugnance will *wear off*, and the love of shedding blood will be an appetite and a disease in his mind, so that he will shed blood for the sake of shedding it. The execution will outrun the warrant; and for one deed of dire necessity, there will a score of acts of voluntary and systematic barbarity. The leaders in the Revolution were placed in a situation above humanity. They must either be or become demons. If they yielded to the amiable information of human nature, they must give up the cause of liberty and independence; in order to ensure the triumph of the last, they must first triumph over their own most cherished feelings. It is possible that the feelings of justice and mercy should survive a series of barbarous and cruel acts, continued by the sacred sense of duty; but it is barely possible—or if in one case, not in many. The act will efface not the motive than the motive will pervade the act. There may be one Brutus, but not an assembly of Brutuses.

The successes of the French Revolution have indeed been considered as an anomaly in history, as a case taken out of every rule or principle of morality by comparison with any thing else. But there are three tests by which we may form a tolerably fair estimate of the characters and motives of those concerned in it. First, do we not see the hold which the love of power and all strong excitement takes of the mind; how it engrosses the faculties, stifles compunction, and deadens the sense of shame, even when it is purely selfish or mischievous, when it does not even pretend to have any good end in view, and when we have all the world against us? What then must be the force and confidence in itself which any such passion, ambition, cruelty, revenge, must acquire when it is founded on some lofty and high-sounding principle, patriotism, liberty, resistance to tyrants; when it aims at the public good as its consequence, and is strengthened by the applause of the multitude? Evil is strong enough in itself; when it has good for its end, it is conscience-proof. If the commonest brawler or ruffian who stabs another merely to fill his purse or revenge a private grudge, can hardly be persuaded that he does wrong, and postpones his remorse till long after—he who sheds blood like water, but can contrive to do it with some ferocious gusto on full light, will be in his own eyes little less than a saint or martyr. Robespierre was a professed admirer of Rousseau's *Social Contract* and the *Profession of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar*; and I do not conceive it impossible that he thought of these when the mob were dancing round him at his own door. He would certainly have sent any one to the guillotine who should have confuted him in a dispute on the one or have ridiculed the other, but this would not prove that he had altered his opinion of either. He was a political priest, a religious enthusiast; and as such he could and was trained to be strong in fact. Every bond he cut off, he felt his power the greater; with the increase of power, he felt his opinions confirmed, and with the certainty of his opinions, the necessity for the welfare and liberty of mankind. There were the relations on which his actions rested, spreading ruin and dismay in large and sweeping circles; there were the theoretical morals in which cruelty, suspicion, and proscription were cast, which, around and among, the excitement of activity in the midst of the day, was called the *purity* of his principles, embraced a wider sphere, and called for unlimited *sacrifices*. The habitual and increasing lust of power and gratification in executing his vertions did not *confine* him to circumscribed and wholesale beheadlessness him or prone to him that he was in the wrong, but the contrary; however the actual re-sents might occasionally stagger him to save and to remand in comfortable probability a great a contradiction to himself as he has been an anomaly and riddle incapable of relation to others. The fault of such characters is not the absence of strictness of principle or a sense of duty, but an excess of them over their natural sensibility or instinctive prejudices, at least until by habit both dispositions to the community and hatred in themselves by their obstinate determination to carry into effect any dogma or theory to which they have made up their minds, be the objections or consequences what they will. Such characters may indeed be wanted on great and trying occasions; but their being thrown into such a situation does not alter the offensiveness of their characters nor the opinion of mankind concerning them. The actions alone is certain, the motive is hid; the future benefit doubtful. Fame and even virtue are to a certain degree conventional things! This "differences" Robespierre from characters of more natural ferocity, or from the tyrants of antiquity, who indulged in the same remorseless barbarity only to pamper their personal pride and sense of anti-importance. Robespierre was nothing in himself but as the guider of a machine, the mouth-piece of an abstract proposition, he would hurt no one but for differing from him in an opinion, which he had wrenched himself up to believe was the first link that held the world together, the peg on which the safety of the state hung, the very "keystone that made up the arch" of the social fabric, and that if it was removed, the whole fell together in careless ruin.

* I have not introduced the reader by making it a question whether the dramatic interest which Robespierre's system excited in Paris, or the newspaper interest which it excites through Europe was not a more natural sufferings of the individuals who were within its grasp, as many writers have done, than the pleasure of viewing the fate of the subjects of despotic governments who have not a hope nor fear about them, and to whom the history of the *Last Dictator* and the abolition will of the sovereign, all that is objects of curiosity, can be but in behalf to endeared to the passions which the people have in looking at it as a spectacle.

Johnson and Goldsmith.—While at supper on one occasion, late o'clock, at Jack's coffee-house, Dean Street, both, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but there a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Aye, but," said Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! ay, sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, sir," says Goldsmith; "I think I could tell." "Pray, then, let us hear." "Why, one of it more nearly enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself: "Well, sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

Iron Bedsteads.—Iron Bedsteads are becoming extensively introduced. Their peculiar easiness of construction, great durability and cheapness, will go far towards bringing them into general use. The parts are cast in various fanciful designs and patterns, and a neat wire net-work supersedes cords or canvass.

The Moralist.

THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

BY RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

Forty years since, the travelling by land, from New York to Albany, was so toilsome and tedious, that many preferred the preferable choice of going in the small sloops up the North River. These slight vessels were so poorly provided, and the winds often so adverse, that more than a week was frequently occupied in the passage. Every tide, however, set them forward a little, even with the wind ahead: so that the voyage was not hopeless. The writer of this remembers, with singular minuteness, a voyage made in this manner, in the year 1796, soon after his ordination. One of its occurrences afforded an example of the power of sympathy, more remarkable than he had at that time, ever witnessed. May it prove useful to others, as he trusts it has been to him.

The sloop in which he embarked had but few passengers, except a large company of Highlanders, who, in their native dress, had taken their station in the hold, with the privilege of coming on deck at their pleasure. They spoke only in their own Highland tongue, and this circumstance kept them aloof for some time from the cabin passengers.

One day, the only individual among them who spoke English at all, addressed the writer in respectful terms, and inquired as to the best mode of getting a livelihood in America. In answering so reasonable a question, made in behalf of so many simple-hearted and efficient men, just arrived in the country, it was evidently necessary to inquire whether they were going, and what had been their occupation. The reply was, that all intended to stop in Albany, with the exception of one, who wished to go to his brother, living on the Merrimack River, in New England. They were informed that this person ought to have gone to his brother by the way of Boston, as Newburyport was the place of his destination. This being reported to the company, they all gathered round the *orator*, and, through their interpreter, asked many questions; which resulted in the advice, that, on their arrival in Albany, they should find some one to address a letter to their countryman on the Merrimack, and await his reply, which would doubtless contain directions as to the best way of joining him. Moreover, he perhaps himself, on hearing that was near all over the room—

"My good frin', you go out with me, I *give you half the money*!"

"Done! done!" says the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.

Exposing the Person.—A minister was engaged one Sabbath day examining the Sunday School in catechism before the congregation. The usual question was put to the first girl, a stripper, about thirteen years of age, who occasionally assisted her father, who was a publican, in waiting on the customers.

"What is your name?" said the person. No reply. "What is your name?" he repeated, in a more peremptory manner.

"None of your fun, Mr. Minister," said the girl, "you know my name, well enough. Don't you say when you come to our house on a night, 'Bet, let me have more ale?'"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

A Significant Reply.—"Thomas," said a sponging friend of the family to the footman, who had been lingering about the room for half an hour, to show him to the door. "Thomas, my good fellow, its getting late, isn't it? How soon will the dinner come up, Thomas?"

"The very moment you be gone, sir," was the unequivocal reply.

Sentimental.—A very sentimental lady, sadly afflicted with the inflammatory rheumatism, lately wrote to one of her friends that unless some change took place soon, she feared she should

Die like a rose, of a rheumatic (aromatic) pain.

For the Ladies.

WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

The exigencies of life sometimes put the lords of creation into curious predicaments. It so happens that, with all the virtues of our present industrial arrangements, some men can do no good in the world. They try many things, and fail in all, although it is not always easy to see the cause of their failure. Then, by the force of circumstances, they come forward and undertake the duty of providing for the family, while the worthy man sinks of course into the subordinate position. A terrible time it is when these domestic revolutions take place; seldom short in duration, usually marked by violence, and often by the total wreck of fortune. A vexing problem, too, the superfluous husband usually is to the poor wife. The difficulty is, to get him made perfectly negative and neutral. He would fain be doing, were it only for a show—but to do what? Alas, alas! there is the rub; how to occupy his energies innocuously to the concern in which the wife is engaged! Oh, a sad business it is to have a woman's husband in charge.

Women are naturally shrinking beings, prone to keep back amidst the obscurities of kitchens and parlors, while men rough it for them through the outer world. It requires, in general, the impulse of the affections to bring the gentler sex into public life; and, accordingly, when they come there, it is nothing they will not do for their babes—nature has taken good care of that point. The upper classes, who never see women working but at gewgaws for ecclesiastical purposes, can little imagine what is in the heart of a poor wife in the humbler classes, when, after years of suffering, the consequence of failure on her husband's part to produce a livelihood, she comes out from her humble retirement, to struggle for dear life to her household. Duty, one would say, can never be a stronger impulse; but it is not. Duty does not let brown Havana, and two boxes Stuart's or Woolsey's best double loaf do. They use 340 quarts milk, daily, 60 pounds salmon for dinner, $16 worth of vegetables, 275 pounds beef, of and 250 pounds of lamb, mutton, veal, &c. Of the other et ceteras I made no memorandum, but they are all in proportion, I'll warrant you. Remember, this is only the account of one house, and there are two others that use nearly as much, besides a host of houses, using from one-fourth to one-third as much, down to the house that accommodates only its ten or twelve boarders."

A French Hero.—Obedient to the injunctions of the clergy, Louis VII., of France, cropped his hair short. Eleanor, his queen, considered him, thus metamorphosed, very contemptible, and, to revenge herself, became something more than a coquette. The King obtained a divorce, and Eleanor married the Count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for his marriage portion the fertile places of Poictou and Guienne, which was the origin of those wars that, for three hundred years, ravaged France, and cost the nation three millions of men, all which probably had never taken place if Louis VII. had not been so rash as to crop his hair, and thus disgust his fair Eleanor.

Fraternal.—The following are the proverbs of the Yankee which his mother taught him—

By making knife-blades of lead, you will run no risk of cutting your fingers.

Marry a run-away wife if possible, for she will be ashamed to run away twice.

When any body changes you with a dishonest action of which you are guilty, stare at them with astonishment, and let them perceive that you are not scared—many a knave gets comfortably through the world in that way.

If your wife blows twice as much as you do, give her to understand that you can cut the most.

WALTZING.

When! the girl I adore by another embraced!
When! the balm of her lip shall another man taste!
When! touched in the twirl by another man's knee!
When! panting, recline on another than me!
Sir, she's yours—from the grape you have pressed the soft bliss!
From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew,
What you've touched you may wink—pretty waltzer, adieu.

A Queer Woman's Sermon.—My dear friends There are three things that I very much wonder at. The first is that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, brickbats and clubs into fruit trees, to knock down fruit: if they would only let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that boys should be so fond of robbing birds' nests: if they would only let one another alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at, is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women; for if they would stay at home the young women would come after them.

Impertinent Nobleman.—When Lord Townsend returned from the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, George III., remarked to him what a number of grants were given to Billy Hutchinson. "Who is he?"

Lord Townsend replied—"I'll tell your Majesty what he is: he is a man who, if you gave him England, Ireland, and Scotland, for a domain, would ask the lets of Man for a cabbage garden."

Philosophy.—Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, is said to have been very morose. When Alcibiades discovered her disposition, he asked Socrates how it happened he did not drive from his house a woman so disagreeable and querulous. Socrates answered: "Because, while I bear her in the house I grow accustomed, so that I can easily endure the injuries and insolence of others abroad."

☞ "Well, this boots me out," as the rye said, when the fellow hamstrung it over the head with the flail.

Wit and Humor.

THE GRAVE DIGGER.

Old man! old man! for whom dug'st thou this grave?
I asked as I walked along.
For I saw in the heart of London streets
A thick and busy throng.

'Twas a strange old man! but a wonder with
Of the jostled soul, to lie
Muted the troubled numbers of living men,
Who would pass him idly by!

So I said, "Old man, for whom dug'st thou this grave?"
In the heart of London town?"
And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied—
"We're laying a gas-pipe down!"

Keen Retort.—Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, alluding to a bill brought into the House of Lords, said, "He had prophesied that the bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby desired the House to remark that one of the right reverends had set himself up as a prophet; but for his part he did not know who prophet to liken him to, unless to that of Israel prophet, Balaam, who was rebuked by his own ass.

The Bishop replied—"Since the noble Lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; sorry is find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby desired the House to remark that one of the right reverends had set himself up as a prophet; but for his part he did not know who prophet to liken him to, unless to that of Israel prophet, Balaam, who was rebuked by his own ass.

Business detained the writer in Albany for several weeks. One day, passing the house of a friend, a native of Ireland, he heard the bell of a harp, to which that friend belonged, telling a funeral knell. Stepping in, he inquired who of the congregation was dead.

"A young Highlander," was the reply; "he died of mere grief and disappointment."

He then learned how he had left the land of his birth to find a brother; had missed the direct road, and come to Albany, instead of going to the Merrimack river, where his brother resided; how some one had written a letter for him to that brother, which he had sent, but still no answer. This ardently-desired letter arrived only two days since, but, alas! instead of being the messenger of good news, it bore tidings that his brother had been dead for several months!

"Oh, sir," said the poor young man, on hearing this his brother was indeed dead, and that he must never see him more, was so overcome with grief that he fell dead on the spot. And this is the funeral, which we Scotchmen, who love one another better than you Yankees do, are now called to attend."

So saying, he left the writer to his own sad reflections. The facts, as here recited, made a deep impression on his mind. During the lapse of many years, they have not ceased to produce very serious meditations on the necessity of human life, and, above all, on the duty of holding ourselves bound, as with an oath of fealty, to submit to God's will, in all our plans and expectations of happiness; and never to weave the web of our expected enjoyments with so slight a texture, that, when it is broken, we shall be left without resource, or plunged into despair. The lesson of submission is taught us in mercy; and it is for our own interest, as well as the dictate of necessity and duty, to say to our Heavenly Father, "*Thy will be done.*"

Selected Articles.

THE DEATH OF THE DOMINIE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Take him up, says the master."
Old Spelling Book.

My old schoolmaster is dead. He "died of a stroke;" and I wonder some of his pupils have never done the same. I have been flogged by many masters, but his rod, like Aaron's swallowed up all the rest. We have often wished that he whipped on the principle of Italian penmanship—up strokes heavy, down strokes light; but he did it in English round hand, and we used to think with a very hard pen. Such was his love of flogging, that for some failure in English composition, after having been well corrected, I have been ordered to be revised. I have heard of a road to learning, and he did justice to it; we certainly never went a stage in education, without being well lashed. The mantle of Dr. Busby descended on his shoulders and on ours. There was but one tree on the play-ground—a birch, but it never had to sing or a leaf to fall. Spring or Summer, it always looked as bare as if the weather had been cutting at the latter end of the year. Pictures, they say, are good incentives to learning, and certainly we never got through a page without cuts; for instance, I do not recollect a Latin article without a cut at the Latin article, and the Latin at that school might be comprised in one line—

"Arma virumque cano."

An arm, a man, and a cr'ne. It was Englished to me one day in the following manner. I was studying Robinson Crusoe instead of Virgil, by a stolen of bamboo that really carried on the illusion, and made me think for a time that I was assaulted by a set of savages. He seemed to consider a boy as a beast's cuticle, to be beaten literally to lick him into shape. He was as particularly fond of striking us with a leather strap on the flats of our hands that he never allowed them a day's rest. There was no such thing as Palm Sunday in our calendar. In one word, he was disinterestedly severe, and used as indiscriminately as either the thong, as others strike for wages. Some of the older boys, who had read Smollet, christened him Roderick, from his hitting like Random, and being so partial to Strap.

His death was characteristic. After making his will he sent for Mr. Taddy, the head usher, and addressed him in the following words:—"It is all over, Mr. Taddy—I am sinking fast—I am going from the terrestrial globe—to the celestial and have appointed Tomkins a flogging—mind he has it, and don't let him back off (for I have asked Aristotle," (there his head wandered,) "and he says I cannot live an hour—I don't like that black horse grinning at me—cane him soundly for not knowing his verbs—Gunlego to, non quod ollo labem—Mr. Taddy, it's breaking up with me—the vacation's coming—there is that black horse again—Dulcus moriens reminiscitur—we are short of canes—Mr. Taddy, don't let the school get into disorder when I am gone—I am afraid, though my illness—the boys have got back in their flogging—I feel a strange feeling all over me—is the new pupil come? I trust I have done my duty—and have made my will—and left all," (here his head wandered again,)—"to Mr. Soutar, the school bookseller—Mr. Taddy, I invite you to my funeral—make the boys walk two and two, and take care of the crossings. My sight is getting dim—write to Mrs. B. at Margate—and inform her—we break up on the 31st. The door is left open—I am very cold—where is my robe gone—I feel—John—John—Night [the last word he cannot see a line—Oh, Mr. Taddy—vent here—my hour is come—I am dying—then art dying—he—is dying. We—are—dying—you—are—dying——" The voice ceased. He made a feeble motion with his hand, as if in the act of ruling a copy-book—the "*ruling* passion strong in death," —and expired.

An epitaph, composed by himself, was discovered in his desk,—with an unpublished pamphlet against Tom Paine. The epitaph was stuffed with quotations from Homer and Virgil, and almost every Greek and Latin author beside, that the reason who was consulted by the widow declined to lithograph it under a hundred pounds.—The Dominie consequently reposes under no more Latin than *Dr. Jacob*, and—a single particle of Greek, though he is himself a Long Home.

LAW AND LAWYERS IN NORWAY.

The administration of the civil law, in Norway, is most admirably contrived. In every school district, the free-holders elect a justice, of the Court of Conciliation. To this court all suits are brought before this justice, and by the parties in person, as no lawyer or attorney is allowed to practice in this court. The parties appear in person, and state their mutual complaints and grievances, at length, and the justice carefully notes down all the facts and statements of the plaintiff, and, after due consideration, endeavors to arrange the matters proposed for this purpose, what he considers to be perfectly just and fair in the premises. If his judgment is accepted, it is immediately entered in the court above, which is the Court of Record; and if it is appealed from, the case goes up to the District Court, upon the evidence which is given in writing, by the Court of Conciliation. No other evidence is admitted. If the terms proposed by the justice are pronounced to be just and reasonable, the party appealing has to pay the costs and charges of the appeal. This system of mine costs prevents a deal of unnecessary, expensive, and vexatious litigation. The case goes up from court to court upon the same evidence, and the legal argument rests upon the same facts, without trick or chicanery, as in any of your friend either party. There is no chance for pettifoggers —the bandiati of the bar. Poor, or rich, or stupid clients cannot be deluded, nor judge or jury mystified by the skill of sharp practitioners in the courts of the law. Norway does these things. Certainly. Please me, are you astonish me—I say, waiter?" "Well, sir!" "Bring me a glass of ale, strong!"

CONGREVE ROCKETS.

The rocket is a cylinder of hammered iron, differing nothing in shape or proportion from the paper rocket used in innocent fireworks; it is also furnished with a stick as they are, and fired in the same manner. The rocket and the case, whatever it may be, is in the composition, which, though in appearance is like an ordinary gun-powder paste, is of so firm a consistence, as to equal in hardness the iron which surrounds it. The diameter of the largest rockets used in bombardment, was eight inches; of the smallest used in field service something less than three inches; in all cases the length of the cylinder is eight times its diameter. The flight of rockets, too, varies between one thousand two thousand five hundred yards in proportion to their size. Those intended for a bombardment are usually armed with shells, containing twenty pounds of powder, and a strong iron case of combustible matter, whose violence is inexpressible. In field service, they are either armed with shells, or the top of the rocket formed into a little mortar, which may be made to discharge at any period of its flight, from fifty to two hundred musket-balls. Three field rockets may easily be carried by an infantry soldier, and they require no other apparatus for firing them than such as may be made from six muskets and a halbert, should not a bank or wall present a more convenient stand. No rocket of more than three hundred pounds has yet been used even in bombardments. Some rockets, with a flat head, instead of a conical venter, proposed the use of rockets exceeding a ton in weight; these were to carry each several barrels of gunpowder in a massive case of steel, wherever they struck, the impetus of their prodigious weight would force them indiscriminately through earth and mason work; then heaving with the very centre of the enemies fortification; a mine whose explosion would leave but little trace of the certain, tower or bastion on which it should alight.

Pills for Sinful.—The best conception that ever yet been formed of the character of the present Pope—of his virtues and his weaknesses—his moral and his intellectual qualities—is contained in a remark made recently by a spectator, on one of those occasions when the Pontiff, having pudded some important privilege to the people, was exchanging with them demonstrations of confidence and affection:—"Who would ever have thought that God would find out another *General Lafayette*—and that he would make a Pope of him?"—*Home Journal.*

Superiority of the Ancients, to What Object.—The chief advantage that ancient writers could boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement; what then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit.

For Housekeepers.

TO THOSE WHO USE BAKER'S BREAD.

The adulteration of bread is often carried to a fearful extent. Not only is the flour from which it is made falsified by old and damaged grain, and other substances just named in the adulteration of flour, but frequently alum, carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of magnesia, and common bar soap are added to disguise the poor stuff, and impart quality to the flour, or to increase the weight. Bread is also sometimes adulterated with blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) white copperas (sulphate of zinc), both of which are highly poisonous, carbonate of potash, plaster of Paris, and pipe clay.

The daily use of alum disorders the stomach, and produces costiveness and other inconveniences, more especially with persons having weak constitutions. Its use, therefore, is much to be condemned, more especially as it is employed to disguise the bad quality of the flour.

Carbonate of ammonia (volatile oil ammoniac, or smelling salts,) is employed by fraudulent bakers, in order to produce light and porous bread from unwholesome and bad flour termed "sour." Thus a material, which, in itself, is perfectly harmless, is made use of by the baker as a mask for fraud. This salt, which chiefly becomes converted into a gaseous state, during the operation of baking, causes the dough to swell up into air bubbles, rendering the bread light and porous, as though it were made of superior flour.

The daily use of magnesia induces the formation of the most dangerous and painful calculi. So that this species of admixture is to be most energetically condemned, not only on account of the specific action of the substance employed, but also because by its means an inferior flour can be used.

But the most deadly fraud, practised in the manufacture of bread, consists in the introduction of sulphate of copper, (copperas,) when the flour used is obtained from bad, over-trodden, and fire-killed wheat, a little copperas obviates the inconvenience; it also causes the bread to retain much more water.

The sulphate of zinc (white copperas) is also sometimes employed by the manufacturer of bread for the same purposes as the sulphate of copper, the effects of which we have just described, but it does not act in so energetic a manner. It is equally poisonous, however, and is as much to be dreaded.

Sometimes bar soap is sometimes added to produce lightness and porosity to bread, as well as to make it short and brittle. This is a filthy fraud, the perpetration of which should be severely punished.—*Abridged from the American Agriculturist.*

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Corn and Buckwheat for Hens.—It is believed that a bushel of corn will last twice as long in feeding hens as a bushel of buckwheat, but the latter will make them lay eggs more than other grain, the profit thus overbalancing the cost.—*American Agriculturist.*

Bills of Bristly Mortality.—The slaughter of hogs in the pork State of the West for five years is given as follows:—

1843	-	-	915,000
1844	-	-	643,000
1845	-	-	955,000
1846	-	-	990,000
1847	-	-	1,490,994

Dr. Johnson's words were true—"Pig has not been wanting to man, but man has been wanting to pig." Nearly a million and a half of these interesting animals in one short year, developed, as the transcendentalists would say, from the state of pigdom into that of porkdom.

Cocoa vs Horses.—The common "*smart weed*" which is found growing in our door yards, and by the side of the highways, is said to be a certain remedy for the "cough" in horses. An infusion of it, we are also informed, is excellent for a cold. The weed should be gathered in August or September, in a dry day, and cured in the shade.—*Maine Cultivator.*

The Potato Rot.—The suddenness with which the potato rot appears, is one of the most remarkable incidents connected with this extraordinary plague. The Camden Gazette, of Oneida County, New York, notices the destruction of a field in that vicinity on Monday last. In the morning they were in a thriving condition, and looked well; but at seven o'clock in the evening they were found to be completely blasted, and covered with rust.

The Recent Rains and the Potatoes.—We learn that the recent rains and the excessive heat of the sun, has had a perceptibly injurious effect on the potato crop fields; that some green and vigorous, have, within the last forty-eight hours become scorched and decayed. This invariably is the case previous to the decay of the bulb.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Soap as a Manure.—T. Dalton, a silk dyer, says, in the London Agricultural Gazette, that he uses 15 cwt. of soap weekly, to discharge the oily matter from the suds, and forming of itself a kind of soap, the whole of which yields from four to six thousand gallons of strong soap-suds per week.—This he has lately applied to his farm, and "its effects are most extraordinary." It has been used only one season, and the results cannot be accurately given; but he considers it more powerful than any other manure.—*Southern Planter.*

Many barrels of strong soap-suds are annually thrown into the gutter and run to waste from every farmer's boundry. Could not these be pumped on the manure heap, or otherwise saved to increase his "bank," and thus help to obviate the necessity of purchasing foreign manures?—*Farmers' Cabinet.*

HAY CAPS.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, says: I am indebted for the hint of this valuable improvement on hay making, to a piece published in the "Boston Cultivator," June 5, 1847, and extracted from the "Maine Farmer." Those then described were made of cloth thirty inches wide and were five feet square, which are too small. Those which I have, made of your yard wide sheetings, two yards square, are near right as can be. The two breadths are sewed together, with a stout hem at the ends, the corners turned back about two inches and sewed down strong, leaving a loop through which to run a stout string of the kind called mackinc, the ends tied so as to make a loop of an inch and a half in diameter; through each of these, when used, is run a stick of eighteen or twenty inches in length into the hay, slanting it upwards to prevent the loops from slipping off; the hay cocks should be made higher than usual over the cloth drawn tight. The cost is about thirty cents each, namely, four yards sheeting at seven cents and two cents for line and thread, the making, if done at leisure times in a family, will cost little or nothing. Upon the whole, with the experience I have had of their usefulness, I would not be without them, if the cost were double what it has been.

☞The *editor* of the Cultivator says: We are informed by Mr. Fuller, the superintendent of the farm of J. P. Cushing, Esq., Watertown, that they saved several hundred dollars by the use of hay caps the present season. At one time nearly twenty tons of hay were protected in this way and saved in fine condition, while the hay of others that was exposed was nearly spoiled by a long storm. Besides the saving in hay, there was a great saving in labor; and the last item is not to be reckoned in dollars and cents at the usual prices of labor, but by the great advantage gained in proceeding to cut other lots of grass already ripe enough, instead of spending time in spreading and curing damaged hay. We hope that this important subject will be fully considered by farmers, and that they will be prepared by another season to try the utility of hay caps.

ADVANTAGES OF DRAINING LANDS.

Sir John Sinclair, who is one among the best authorities, thus sums up the advantages of draining arable land:—

Where it is thoroughly drained, land can be ploughed at any season with advantage—it is easily managed, and can be kept clean at a moderate expense,—every exertion of good husbandry is attended with success,—the ground suffers less from the inclemency of seasons,—the produce is generally ample,—the quality of the grain is excellent, and the farmer will thrive, where his predecessor, cultivating a wet and unfinished soil, was impoverished, or perhaps totally ruined."

Again, he says:—

"By the removal of stagnant water, and the prevention of noxious exhalations, the climate is rendered more healthy and genial, both to animal and vegetable life. Indeed, since the introduction of draining into this country, *agues*, and other similar distempers, occasioned by the humidity of the soil, and the consequent impurity of the atmosphere, have been in a great measure, prevented, and the general health of the inhabitants has been greatly improved."

Of wet land he remarks

"While land remains in a wet state, the manure laid upon it, whether *putrescent or rudescent*, is *comparatively speaking, of little use*: the seed *soon often* perishes the crops are *sickly*, and later of ripening; and the operations of harvest are perhaps attended with injury to the soil, uncertainty and danger."

Upon the application of manure to drained lands, he has this precaution:—

"Care in particular should be taken to *render the lands dry* before the application of *lime, dung, or compost*, otherwise the attempt will be ineffectual."

TOPPING CORN.

Topping corn, or cutting off the stalks just above the ear, as the corn begins to ripen, is the old way of management, and many still pursue it. Others let the corn remain till well glazed, or tolerably well ripened, and then cut it up at the ground, bind it up and shock it.

Numerous experiments show that there is a loss in cutting the stalks before the corn is pretty well ripened. When the corn is so far advanced that the tops may be cut without injury, the whole may be cut at bottom, as the ripening process can go on from the nutriment in the stalk. And a plant that receives the most of its nutriment from the atmosphere may as well be deprived of its roots as its leaves, both being essential to its perfections.

We hope that those farmers who top their corn, or cut it up at the ground, will make experiments by cutting some and allowing some to remain, that they may note the result, unless they have already settled the question. One thing is certain, that there is much less labor in harvesting corn, to cut it up at the ground; and the fodder is more valuable by this mode.—*Boston Cultivator.*

BEST PLAN OF A BARN.

It has been remarked that no building on the farm in the northern states is of more importance than the barn. Those who have had the charge of cattle during our long winters, can at once see that much time and hard labor could be saved by a judicious arrangement of stalls, and here, granaries, &c., so that *every* creature could be *fed* by taking as few steps as possible. One very important thing to be considered, is the best mode of preserving as well as collecting manure, as that it shall retain all its valuable properties in the spring and be easily got out. We like the plan of having a barn on the side of a hill, and so arranged that the same horses can draw from the barn cellar for the same purposes as the sulphate of copper, the the ridge pole, and then pitch most of your hay down, instead of up. Having your stalls near, you can continue to pitch the hay down, and if you have a cellar beneath, you can throw the manure down also, and thus make the attraction of gravitation perform much of the labor of transportation from the mow to the manure cart.—*American Journal of Ag. and Science.*

How to Enlarge Vegetables.—A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously, and systematically carrying out for a time the principle of increase. Take, for instance, a pea. Plant it in very rich ground, allow it to bear the first year, say a half a dozen pods only, remove all others save the largest single pea or three. Sow it the next year, and remove of the produce three pods, only sow the largest the following year, and retain one pod; again select the largest, and the next year, the sort will by this time have trebled its size and weight. Give afterwards now the largest seed, and by these means you will get peas or anything else of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.

The Olio.

WE WANT NO REFORM!

To be Hung or Stung by Everybody

FROM PUNCH.

Two pounds twelve and sixpence a head
Is to England the rate of taxation;
Seventy millions and upwards, 'tis said,
In the revenge that's raised on the nation.
But we want no Reform!
Oh, no, certainly not!
Not a bit—not a jot,
Push! we want no Reform!

Out of twenty, ten shillings on tea
Are paid by the laboring classes;
Eight on coffee; on sugar—let's see—
Why, six shillings, hard cash, by the masses:
But we want no Reform;
Take the word of Lord John,
We are going well on
Sir—we want no Reform!

Five on soap, four on beer, and fourteen
On spirits—spread on tobacco
Do they pay to our Lady the Queen,
But what, nevertheless, says Lord Jacky?
"Why, we want no Reform,
All in proper and right,
Paradoxical quite;
Pish! we want no Reform!"

On industry, more than on Wealth,
There's the weight of the Income Tax poussing,
But the nation's an exoellent health,
And we've no wrongs that call for redressing
No we want no Reform;
Oh, no! not in the least;
We're not plundered or fleeced
Stuff and nonsense! We want no Reform!

PENNSYLVANIA.

This name was given to the province by Charles II. in honor of Admiral Penn, the father of William Penn. It was so named against the wishes of the latter, who thought it might be deemed self-glorification. In a letter to Robert Turner, he thus explains the circumstances:

"Thus day my country was confirmed to me by the name of Pennsylvania—a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose 'New Wales,' being, as this, a pretty hilly country; but Penn being the Welsh for head—as Pengwin in Wales and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England—they called this Pennsylvania, which is the high or head woodlands, for I proposed (when the Secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales) Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, and though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and he would not take it upon him to alter it; nor would twenty guineas move the under Secretaries to vary it—for I feared lest it should look like vanity in me, and not as a respect to the king, as truly it was, to my father, whom he often mentions with praise."

It will thus be seen how narrowly we escaped being considered as "New Welshmen," a title that would have been more to the taste of some of Penn had been allowed his choice of a name for this State. The prefix "New" to some European name was popular with the first settlers of this continent: it appears to have been a general disposition with the people of various nations. The Swedish settlements on the Delaware were called "New Sweden." The Dutch called their country the "New Netherlands," their chief city "New Amsterdam," afterwards "New York." Then there was the great northern territory of New England, New Jersey, New Beverly (the present Harrington,) Newcastle, Newport, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and various other